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THE

Wedding of the Rails

BY

ALANSON HOSMER PHELPS.

THE

Wedding of the Rails,

—BY—

ALANSON HOSMER PHELPS,

Commemorative of

"Driving the Last Spike"

UPON THE COMPLETION OF THE

California and Oregon Railroad,

—AT—

ASHLAND, OREGON, DECEMBER 17, 1887.

Cuberv & Co., Electric Power Printers, 415 Market St., S. F.

Introductory Sentiment.

In the name of the various Industrial and Commercial bodies represented here from California, I have the honor to offer to Oregon and California the following sentiment:

Oregon and California, this glad day
  Are united in prestige, progress, and glory,
Never again divided for aye,
  While flashes electric, shall tell the story
Of the roll of their wealth, over this Highway.

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The Wedding of the Rails.

We have come from farm, from finance, and trade,
  Over these hills in a royal carriage,
To embrace to-day this Oregon maid,
  And celebrate here her Golden State marriage.

Through the fair vale of the Sacramento,
  Over her domain of bread and of wine,
Over her mountains where gold sleeps below,
  Through her rich forests of fir and pine.

Where Shasta doth rear his snowy crown,
  In splendor above the encircling plain,
While from his dark clouds in tumult comes down,
  His glittering angels of hail and rain.

We descend from the heights of Siskiyou,
  Where far on their base, "rolls the Oregon,"
Mount Hood far away now gleams on our view,
  Of mountains of beauty, the paragon.

His icy slopes reflect the calm, blue light,
  Of the summer sun, on the wintry snow,
And his giant shadow, chaseth at night
  O'er crags and valleys, the light below.

Then hail to you Oregon, give us your hand,
  And witness this great industrial feat,
We'll drive the "last spike,"—unite this fair land,
  Where Northern, and Southern Pacific can meet.

We honor the builders, these men of brain,
  Their energy, foresight, their vital nerve,
Spanning the Continent, mountain and plain,
  With Lines of Steel, the world's commerce to serve.

All hail then to Stanford, the "grand old man",
  The Huntingtons, Hopkins, the Crockers two,
Able Generals of Progress, they plan
  No conquest by war, to peace ever true.

And praise for the man, the chief engineer,
  The man of ideas, the skillful Hood,
Who has brought the Webfoot and 'Friscan near,
  Where ere forever apart they have stood.

In chivalrous days, knights, valliant, did rise
  To vanquish wrong, fighting, just for pastime,
We have a knight, alert, Douty, and wise,
  To construct our Railways, to fight 'gainst Time.

And yet another, we must not forget,
  His name ? let's see, we think it is Brown,
He'll build you a bridge across from "You Bet,"
  Or he will build you a mansion in town.

Here's to the man of the Shovel and Drill,
  Just now his name we cannot recall,
We know he did have great courage and will,
  To delve and dig through such a granite wall.

The Towne of this "System," his word we find,
  Supreme from high mountain to Ocean shore,
With an Aid of skill, of a train-ed mind,
  The master of trains, the able Fillmore.

Joining these Rails, we circle our Nation
  With bands North and South, from far East to West,
Advance the age of Civilization,
  O'er all this broad Empire, so richly blest.

This Empire so great, we pause in wonder,
  Our victories of peace, already won
By faith in that Flag, we all dwell under,
  In this fair land of our rich, fruitful sun.